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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

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Biographical.

STEPHEN GIRARD.

Stephen Girard was born on the 24th of May, 1750, near Bordeaux, in France. His parents were in a humble sphere of life, and his education was confined to a limited knowledge of reading and writing. He left his native country, at the age of ten or twelve years, as a cabin boy in a vessel bound for the West Indies. The loss of his eye at that time tended to increase the natural moroseness of his temper, as he was sensitive to the ridicule of his associates. He remained but a short time in the West Indies, and again as cabin boy sailed for New York. Having gained the confidence of his employer, he became first mate, then captain of a small vessel, and made several profitable voyages to New Orleans. Engaging successfully in small adventures, he soon became part owner of the cargo and vessel which he commanded. It is not known what first induced him to go to Philadelphia, but he became, in 1769, an obscure trader in Water Street.

About this time he was married, and his only child died in childhood. His married life was unhappy, and he applied to the Legislature of Pennsylvania for a divorce.

In partnership with Isaac Hazlehurst, Esq., of Philadelphia, he purchased two vessels to trade with St. Domingo, but the vessels were captured and taken to Jamaica, and the firm was dissolved. From 1772 to 1776, he probably acted as ship-master and merchant, dispatching goods to New Orleans or St. Domingo, remaining at home sometimes to settle accounts and adjust profits. The war which followed injured his commercial business, and he opened a small grocery shop in Water Street, connected with a bottling establishment for claret and cider. On the approach of the British, 1777, he purchased a small tract of land called Mount Holly, on which was a house where he sold his fluids to great advantage to the American soldiers, as the encampment was in the vicinity.

Upon the evacuation of Philadelphia, he returned to the city and occupied a range of frame stores in Water Street, which were filled with pieces of cordage, sails and old blocks, which were destined to fit out ships at some future time.

In 1780, Mr. Girard again entered upon the New Orleans and St. Domingo trade, and increased his gains so much as to enable him to extend his enterprises to a larger scale. He leased for ten years a range of brick and frame stores, one of which he occupied, and rented the others to great advantage, and has been heard to say he dated his subsequent good fortune to this foundation.

His connection with his brother, Captain John Girard, terminated in consequence of misunderstanding, and the partnership was dissolved, and his share of the business amounted to about thirty thousand dollars.

His wife died in 1815, having been twenty-five years a patient in the insane department of the Pennsylvania Hospital, on which occasion he presented to that institution the sum of three thousand dollars, besides liberally rewarding the attendants.

His profits were greatly increased by the circumstance of two of his ships being at St. Domingo at the time of the insurrection on that island, when the planters in their alarm rushed to the docks to deposit their most valuable property in the ships lying there, and returned to secure more, but most were massacred, and but few claims were ever made on the property, which was found to be very great.—This was sent to Philadelphia, and added greatly to his original fortune.

In the year 1791, Mr. Girard commenced building ships—which have been a source of pride to Philadelphia—to engage in trade with Calcutta and China. He showed some national feeling in naming his ships Montesquieu, Helvetius, Voltaire and Rousseau.

Mr. Girard's conduct during the dreadful pestilence which in 1793 visited the beautiful city of Philadelphia, is well known, and sufficient to redeem his character, to some extent, from the selfishness and want of feeling generally attributed to it. He entered into the most loathsome abodes, and performed constantly at the hospital the most menial services. It is probable that his early residence in a tropical climate made him less liable to the disease, but this does not in any degree abate the credit he deserves for exposing his life for his fellow-beings.

The establishment of his private bank, which was probably at first intended merely as a temporary circumstance, finally conferred upon the community great advantages, and rendered very important service to the government.

A circumstance which occurred in 1813 enabled him to add materially to his own funds, besides the benefit to the national treasury from the duties due to the government. His ship, the Montesquieu, was captured in the Delaware by a British frigate, with an invoice cargo of two hundred thousand dollars, consisting of teas, nankeen and silks, from Canton; but it was determined by the captors, to avoid the risk of a recapture in attempting to carry their prize to a British port, to send a flag of truce to Mr. Girard and offer him a ransom. He immediately sent to the British commander the sum of ninety-three thousand dollars in doubloons, and is supposed to have realized by the transaction half a million of dollars.

His patriotism was shown in 1814 by his judicious and liberal aid to the country at a time when an invading army was marching over the land and the national treasury exhausted.

One of the distinguishing characteristics of Mr. Girard was his public spirit. He subscribed one hundred and ten thousand dollars for the navigation of the Schuylkill, besides numerous loans at various times. At one time, when the county was believed to have been injured by an injudicious course of internal improvements, he made a voluntary loan of one hundred thousand dollars. He erected in Philadelphia numerous blocks of buildings, adding much to its beauty. Among other public-spirited acts, he subscribed two hundred thousand dollars to the Danville and Pottsville Railroad, and ten thousand dollars towards the erection of a public exchange.

In person, Mr. Girard was low and square, but muscular, and bearing the characteristic appearance of an old sailor. His skin was dark, and the loss of his eye added to the cold and hard expression of his face. His style of dress was peculiar, and generally very shabby. His equipage was always mean, and his personal habits penurious in the extreme.

He was a total disbeliever in the Christian religion, and his sentiments were those of Rousseau and Voltaire, and yet he gave liberally to several Christian denominations.

Mr. Girard lived to the advanced age of eighty-four, and his death was hastened from his disregard of all assistance. Being partially blind, he was knocked down by a wagon when crossing the street, which nearly took off his ear, badly bruised his head, and almost totally deprived him of sight. From this time his health declined, and in December, 1830, an attack of influenza ended his existence. He died on the 26th of that month, in a back room at his house in Water Street.

Our Portrait Gallery.

STEPHEN GIRARD.

By his will, he bequeathed to the "Pennsylvania Hospital," thirty thousand dollars; to the "Deaf and Dumb Institution," twenty thousand; to the "Public Schools of the City and County of Philadelphia," ten thousand; to the "Orphan's Asylum," ten thousand; to the "Relief of Distressed Masters of Ships," ten thousand; to the "Masonic Loan," twenty thousand; for the erection of a public school, six thousand; to all the captains in his employ, having performed a given service, fifteen hundred dollars each; to his apprentices, each five hundred dollars; to the city of New Orleans, two hundred and eight thousand acres of land, with thirty slaves, and the remainder of his lands in Louisiana, to the corporation of Philadelphia; to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania he gave three hundred thousand dollars for internal improvement; the sum of two millions was left for the purpose of the erection of a building and founding a College for Orphan Children. In addition to these, Mr. Girard made considerable bequests to his relatives; but the bulk of his immense fortune was left to the City of Philadelphia, where his fortune had been made. He gave, in his will, particular directions for expending portions of his wealth in certain public improvements, among others, five hundred thousand dollars for the improvement of the Delaware front of the city and the widening of Water Street; and he desired that a square of the city which he had long kept vacant between Chesnut and Market and Eleventh and Twelfth Streets, should be intersected by a street, and covered with four blocks of buildings, erected on a uniform plan, which was done soon after his decease; and the rents of these buildings now constitute an important part of the revenues of the city. The new street and the splendid row of buildings on Chesnut are now respectively designated by the name of Girard.

"In his will," says Mr. Lanman, "he clearly showed what had been the object of his long and fixed labor in acquisition. While he was forward—with an apparent disregard of self—to expose his life in behalf of others in the midst of pestilence, to aid the internal improvements of the country, and to promote its commercial prosperity by all the means within his power, he yet had more ambitious designs. He wished to hand himself down to immortality by the only mode that was practicable for a man in his position, and he accomplished precisely that which was the grand aim of his life. He wrote his epitaph in these extensive and magnificent blocks and squares which adorn the streets of his adopted city, in the public works and eleemosynary establishments of his adopted State, and erected his own mounment and embodied his own principles in a marble-roofed palace for the education of the orphan poor. We who shall hereafter gaze upon that splendid edifice, the most perfect model of architecture in the new world, will perceive the result of the singular character of its founder, and shall be left in doubt whether, after all, his faults were not overbalanced by his ultimate munificence."

Romance of History.

TALE OF RUSSIAN TYRANNY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,
BY LEOPOLD WRAY.

The crying iniquities of *Lettres de Cachet*, the abuse of which it is now needless to dwell on, were not peculiar to France, but may be traced throughout Europe, disguised under various forms and names. In England, the Bastile was the Tower of London; in Prussia, the Fortress of Spandau; in Spain, the Castle of Pampeluna; in Russia, it was represented by Siberia. The following well authenticated fact, the last scenes of which have been under our very eyes, may be deemed interesting, as a matter of comparison.

No sight is more striking than a review at St. Petersburg, under the balconies of the marble palace, or in the *place* of the Admiralty.—The bronzed faces of the soldiers, the unmoved sternness of their aspect, the automaton-like precision of their evolutions, the strange mixture of costumes, so varied as the different races that wear them—here the Tcherkesses, in oriental uniform—there the royal guardsmen, with their silver breast-plates, in the midst of which shines a golden sun—then the dragoons, in black helmets, and the Don Cossacks, with their long lances;—and, most remarkable of all, the towering figure of the Emperor, towering above the rest, and surrounded by his staff, consisting of the most high-born nobles, and the finest men of the Empire—all combine to form an unparalleled scene, baffling all description, and the characteristics of which are as difficult for the imagination to picture to itself, as for the pen to describe.

This military ceremony is held in St. Petersburg every year, on Easter Sunday. It took place, as usual, in 1843, and would have presented no peculiar feature to speculate upon, had not the Emperor, during the whole time of the parade, appeared in company with a little old man, dressed in a white coat, turned up with red, yellow leather breeches, with buckles in his shoes, and a three-cornered hat, and white aigret, who followed him about with a look of bewilderment, mixed with sadness.

The sight of a costume belonging to the time of Catherine II., of course excited the greatest surprise, and gave rise to a thousand conjectures. The truth, however, was soon made known; and we will repeat, in the fewest possible words, the mournful tale of the old man with the white plume, as we heard it related on the spot.

Potemkin was at once the most singular and the most lucky man of the age he lived in.—When an ensign in the body-guard, he had the good fortune to be noticed by the Empress, in whose service he drew his sword, at the time of the revolution that occasioned the death of Peter III. He was handsome, enterprising and ambitious; he became her favorite, and completely subjugated the strong-minded woman, whom the Orloffs had frightened, but had vainly endeavored to subdue. The career of this illustrious adventurer offers an example of, perhaps, the most wonderful and fantastic mode of existence, that the pages of history ever afforded. Every body knows the delightful sketch which the Prince de Ligne drew of him, in the following words:—

"I see him," (thus he wrote from Oczakow,) "the commander of an army, to all appearance, extremely lazy, yet incessantly working; whose only desk are his knees, and who employs no other comb than his fingers; a coward for his soldiers, yet brave for himself; stopping under the discharge of a battery to give his orders, yet more of an Ulysses withal than an Achilles; morose, inconstant, at once a profound philosopher, a clever minister, a sublime politician, and a child of ten years old; making a sign of the cross with one hand, and signs to any women who happen to please him, with the other. With arms folded piously over his breast, at the foot of the Madonna, one moment, and flung round his mistress's snowy throat the next, more prone to give away money than to pay his debts; prodigiously rich, yet not worth a farthing; talking of theology to his generals, and of war to his archbishops; wanting, like a child, to snatch at everything, yet capable of foregoing all things, like a great man; careless of his person, and almost bent double in the privacy of home; yet proud, handsome, noble, majestic, or fascinating, when he stands erect before his army, like Agamemnon in the midst of the Kings of Greece."

Not the least surprising part of his destiny was, the fact of his being able to maintain, to his latest hour, the brilliant and perilous rank where chance had placed him. He did not even take the trouble to counterfeit those virtues that he possessed not. Openly ambitious, and as openly tyrannical, he took his seat near the steps of the throne, as though he had been entitled to such an honor by birth; he exhausted the public treasury by his munificence—seized on Biren's patrimony in Courtland—coveted Poland—looked with an eye of envy on the East—and reigned during eighteen years through the terror he inspired, yet without staining the scaffold, even once, with blood. Then, weary of glory, disgusted with the world—unhappy, in short, by dint of excessive good fortune—he died upon the high road, in the prime of life, wrapped in his mantle, without a pious hand being found to commit his remains to the earth, still less a friend to weep over his untimely end.

Potemkin never loved Catherine II., nor was he long beloved by her. Being drawn together, rather by the sympathy of mutual genius than by any tender feelings, they were reciprocally unfaithful to each other. Potemkin, like the true spoilt child of fortune, tired of his easy conquests over the fragile dames at court, had grown sceptic in matters of love, and only believed in gallantry. A Polish lady undertook to effect his conversion. The Princess Zoumowski was pretty, graceful, and capricious, a complete coquette, full of wit and frivolity; and was, in short, like the Countess Voronzoff d'Aschkoff of our times, the sovereign arbiter of fashion, and the divinity of Russian society. She inspired the favorite with a violent passion, to which she herself appeared not wholly insensible.

But, just at the moment when Potemkin thought himself certain of his triumph, the princess suddenly changed her mind, and became distant, reserved, and cold. It was observed that this change had taken place ever since the fire at the principal theatre, where her life had been in danger, and where she had been rescued by the heroic efforts of a young major, who, on hearing her screams, had rushed into the burning house, and, thanks to good luck and devoted courage, had borne her from her box, already encircled by flames.

Potemkin, in despair of his non-success, became desirous of ascertaining, at least, the cause of the rebuffs he had to bear; and from that day, the Princess Zoumowski became the object of an incessant, though covert, espionage. Not the slightest clue, however, could be found to the secret of her coldness; and Potemkin, half beginning to recover from his fears, attributed it to one of those caprices, as frequent as they are transitory amongst women of her stamp, when a circumstance, apparently insignificant in itself, directed his suspicions in another quarter.

On the 8th of March, 1774, the Empress, dressed in the national costume, which she wore as much from coquetry as in compliance with the distaste manifested by the Russians for all foreign innovations, and attended by the Princess Zoumowski and Potemkin, had taken her place at one of the windows of the Hermitage, under which the royal guard and the four regiments of Proobajuiski were about to defile along the quay of the court. When the second battalion of this fine regiment of infantry appeared in sight on the bridge of Troist, the princess leaned on the balcony, and her eyes seemed to be wandering in search of some one; then, either designedly or by accident, she let fall one of her gloves. A young officer, whose eyes had been fixed in the direction of the palace, saw the glove drop from the princess's hand, and, without accelerating his pace, or breaking from the ranks, adroitly received it on the point of his sword, pressed it to his lips, and stealthily hid it beneath the buttons of his uniform.

The princess blushed; Potemkin leaned towards her.

"That officer," said he, in a hollow voice, "has become enriched by one of your gloves. To whom, pray, do you destine the other?"

"To you, count, if you are gallant enough to attach the least value to such a trifle," was the reply.

"Give it me, then."

So saying, Potemkin retired.

On the evening of that same day, a feldjager and a couple of cossacks made their appearance in Galernaia, at Major Tcheghelowski's. The officer turned pale on beholding them, for such visits boded no good.

"Follow us!" said the feldjager.

"Whither?"

"That's a secret."

"By whose orders?"

"Look."

"Will the journey be long?"

"Perhaps."

"Allow me to take a bag of rubles, and some papers."

"Neither rubles nor papers—nothing!"

"Very well, sir, I will follow you," said the major, pale with emotion; "but permit me, at least, to give a last embrace to my mother, who is sleeping just by, in unconscious security, and who will wake to tears and sorrow. For mercy's sake, grant me but one single moment."

"It is impossible! The orders are positive. Get in."

And the iron feldjager pointed to one of those little covered carts, called *telegues*, which stand very high from the ground, and are provided with only one wooden seat. All resistance was vain, and would have been punished with the utmost severity.

The major stepped into the telegue, in silence, and the two horses, of true Ukranian breed, light and swift as the wind, had presently borne them past Vasili-Ostroff, and left the watch-towers, the blue domes, and the golden spires of the citadel far behind them. The snow was falling in heavy flakes, and drifting round the silent travellers. For a moment, the major felt half tempted to strangle his morose companion when he should fall asleep; but the iron eye lids of the feldjager were never once closed during the whole of the night. They now reached Pochezarkoi. The major ventured to ask whether they had come to the end of their journey.

"Not yet," replied the feldjager.

They changed horses, and went on. Nystarka and Pounenskoe were left behind, as at each place the major, whose anxiety waxed more and more intense, in proportion to the distance, questioned his conductor, laconically, and still received, as his only answer, that terrible reply, "Not yet."

On crossing the forest of Vologda, the telegue was surrounded by a band of famished wolves, that escorted it during forty wersts, but without exciting the slightest notice on the part of the feldjager—such episodes being of frequent occurrence in journeys of this kind, where the traveller has an even chance of being devoured by wild beasts, frozen alive, or buried in a tomb of snow, that closes for ever above its victims. Nothing can well be more dreary than the interminable succession of white plains, the desolate uniformity of which is only broken, at rare intervals, by an Asiatic looking monastery, a hut made of bamboos twisted together, or a gigantic rock, hollowed out by the hand of time.

Seventeen days were spent in unspeakable sufferings; the major was half dead with exhaustion, when the telegue halted on the border of an arid steppe, where, here and there, were sprinkled about twenty wretched huts, more fit to serve as dens for wild beasts, than as human habitations.

"This is your destination," said feldjager.

The major's face became livid.

"No, it is not possible!" cried he, convulsively wringing the hand of his sinister companion, "you cannot abandon me here, alone, in this accursed spot! What have I done? What is my crime? Why was I carried off in this mysterious fashion? I am the victim of some inconceivable—some horrible error. Oh! for pity's sake, take me back to St. Petersburg, and all I possess, all that my family possesses, shall be yours."

"I cannot," answered the feldjager.

And then drawing from the pocket in his cloak a small parcel, he presented it to Major Tcheghelowski, adding: "There is what General Potemkin bade me give you, when we parted."

It was the other glove of Princess Zoumowski!

The major started; his deep emotion caused the blood to rush to his face; and a fond recollection awakening the courage that had almost failed him, under so trying a circumstance, he replied: "Very well, sir; tell General Potemkin that I value his present far more than I dread Siberia, and that he has given happiness enough to support me during the period of my exile."

The feldjager bowed, cracked his whip, and off the vehicle flew; while the unfortunate exile watched its disappearance, with much the same feeling as the wanderer, lost in a labyrinth of catacombs, would witness his feeble lamp flickering, and about to be extinguished, or perceive the thread that was to guide him back to life and light, suddenly snapped asunder. Seventy years passed by—seventy years were dragged through, amidst hardships, dangers, and privations of every kind! Yes, even in that iron clime, in that most desolate latitude, years flew rapidly over the exile's head: for it is astonishing how time seems abridged by the sameness of the life one leads.

Chance at length caused the unhappy victim to be discovered, in 1842, by an officer under government, who was sent on a mission to Tobolsk. Having learnt his story, he caused it to be immediately reported to General Tchernichew, who related it forthwith to the Emperor. The injustice had been secret, the reparation was open and signal. The exile, now a centenarian, was taken from the *isba* that he had built with his own hands in Siberia; he was brought back to St. Petersburg, and the Emperor, in presence of the twelve regiments, assembled on the *place* of Admiralty, addressed him in the following noble language:—"Be assured, sir, that had I sooner known of your misfortunes, they should long since have ceased. Remain in St. Petersburg; a pension of four thousand rubles is henceforth insured to you; it is Russia that gives it."

Major Tcheghelowski has religiously preserved the uniform he wore in the eighteenth century. Notwithstanding his advanced age, nearly a hundred and seven years, he may be seen walking about, on the Newski Parade, with a figure still erect, and a mildly serene countenance; looking with the greatest surprise on the changes that seventy years have effected in society, and talking, with a degree of enthusiasm that the snows of age have not yet frozen, of Catherine II., the Prince de Ligne, Count Segur, and Alexis Orloff, as if all these personages were still to be found in the halls of the Hermitage, or in the garden of the Tauride Palace.

On reaching the capital, his first care had been to write his will. It consisted of the following words:

"I request, as a last favor, that I may be buried with the gloves that will be found fastened to my neck by a black ribbon."—*London Court Journal.*

Original Poetry.

THE WIDOWED HOME.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY HENRY MORFORD.

The old church bell had ceased to toll,
And the holy words of prayer
For the long repose of the parted soul
Were dying on the air;
The coffin lid was moved aside
And friends with softened tread,
Who had known the sleeper in his pride
Pressed up to see him dead.

Most calm, most beautiful he lay
In his narrow dwelling now,
But the first faint traces of decay
Already spanned his brow;
And as we looked fell many a tear,
And many a red lip paled
To see the eyes, once bright and clear,
In death's cold shadow veiled.

But with pitying awe the crowd fell back,
And colder grew the blood,
As the weeping wife in her weeds of black
Beside the coffin stood;
And in our hearts this many a year
Shall sound her saddening moan,
"How can I leave thee buried here
And go back to live alone!"

They shut the coffin o'er his clay—
I heard, I saw them not,
For my heart on the word was borne away
To a far and desolate spot;
I stood in the house whence the spirit gone
Had past beyond the tomb,
I saw the weary days roll on
Afar in the Widowed Home.

I saw her in her daily toil,
Forgetting this adieu,
Turn round to meet him with a smile
And burst in tears anew;
I saw her veil his picture round
Where his image still was warm,
I saw her take the garments down
That mocked her with his form.

I saw her on her couch of sleep,
That ever loneliest seems,
Forget her sorrow long and deep
And clasp his form in dreams;
I heard her, at the morning hour,
Her sense o'ertasked and dim,
Pray God for death's oblivious power
To join her again to him.

An hour had past, and sadly tolled
Again the old church bell,
And I heard the sound of the crumbling mould
That on the coffin fell.
But sadder far upon the ear
Came again the widow's moan,—
"How can I leave thee buried here,
And live my life alone!"

For all of life 'tis a bitter thing
To speak of parting breath,
And touched with a sad and solemn wing
Is every thing of death;
But saddest of all is the empty place
In the weary years to come;—
Great God! who watchest the human race,
Save us from a Widowed Home!

Pictures of Life.

FROM HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

AN INCIDENT IN THE TRIAL OF AN IRISH PATRIOT.

BY PHIL BRENCLE.

"A very original affair!" said I, laying down the Tribune of that day.

"What is that?" asked my companion.

"I refer to that scene in the trial of Smith O'Brien, when Dobbin, the Irish Detective, is proved a perjurer by the unexpected testimony of Mr. D'Alton. All the circumstances connected with the affair—the visit of D'Alton at the Freeman office; the hasty and successful measures instantly taken to bring him into Court; the crushing power of D'Alton's testimony, and the complete unmasking of Dobbin—would seem to mark the whole as an interference by Providence, if all these things had not so unaccountably failed in the great result."

The gentleman to whom I said this, was a grey headed refugee from Ireland since the great rebellion in "Ninety Eight." He paused a few moments, and then replied, in a voice tremulous with rage and strong feeling.

"I dare not trust myself to speak of the trial of O'Brien, for it reminds me of the days of Fitzgerald and Emmet. But there is one incident of those times which I can mention with more calmness. Your remark suggested it. I will tell you of a Providential interference, this time successful, in a trial of somewhat similar character. The actors were obscure, and are now forgotten by all, except the few who then stood in the Court-room, and saw the heroism of a poor servant girl, trampling upon her own love for the sake of truth and justice in the cause of Ireland. *They* never can forget it. All that I did not at that time understand in the affair, I afterwards learned by inquiry of others—so strong was the interest that humble heroine made within me.

Late on Hallowmas Eve, a young man and girl were sitting together in the servant's room of an Irish country-seat. The latter was a fair and buxom lass, known far and near as "pretty Mary Donovan." She had an honest face, too, where the very heart seemed looking forth, and one for whose real nobility a man might pledge his life. At the moment it was clouded with anxiety and timid love.

Very near her sat a young man with one of those false, handsome faces, that we occasionally meet, and always look upon a second time. His glossy hair was elaborately curled, and his eye, hard and bright like jet, was marked with insincerity. His whole appearance was, as I have just said, handsome and false. Had the young girl whom he was so earnestly addressing, been a physiognomist, she would never have listened to his words, and as it was, her whole manner was wavering, distrustful, yet tender.

"Phelim, you know that I love you, and oh! that I could trust ye too. If I could shut my eyes while ye talk to me, I'd wait no longer, but give ye the world at once, but whenever I look in your eye, you seem to be talking only with your lips, and so I turn away from the face I should love to look upon."

"I understand ye, Mary Donovan," said Phelim, bitterly; "and because the face I was born with don't suit ye, you think I am trying to cheat. It's no use to fool around ye any longer. I'll go to the mountains and join the fighting Boys to-morrow."

"Not because I sent ye there," exclaimed Mary, hastily. "Dear Phelim, forgive me, and I'll never vex ye again."

A glow, not of shame, passed over his face, as he saw the effect of his words in this, the first sign of triumph, and he persevered so cleverly that in a few minutes they were betrothed, and he had won the first ripe kiss from her dainty lips. Then followed the interchange of love tokens, usual among the Irish peasantry. They could only exchange locks of hair, for they had nothing else to give.

"Write on the paper around it the date of the blessed night, Phelim, and it will be twice as precious to me."

So he did, and Mary placed it carefully next to her heart.

They then began to talk of more serious matters. Both were poor, but hopeful, and ready to wait for some sudden turn of good fortune, which they fondly dreamed might come at any time. This discussion of ways, means, and all impracticable projects, carried them far into the night, so far, indeed, that Phelim, lover though he was, yawned sleepily as he took his candle, saying, "Good-night, Mary dear, and don't forget Hallowmas Eve."

"Ah, Phelim," she replied; "I'll remember it long enough for us both."

So she did.

The next day brought tidings to the inmates of ——— Hall, that a large body of peasants had risen during the past night, and committed excesses, too common in those times of apprehension and resistance. Nor did they end with that night's work. What is known in history as the "Rebellion of Ninety-Eight," speedily broke out, and for months kept the land in most fearful agitation. At last the rebellion was crushed, and then commenced the trials of those leaders who had been captured. All crowded to Court to see their first men brought to trial and condemned almost invariably to death. One of these leaders was of great notoriety in the vicinity of ——— Hall, and when his case was called from the docket, every man, woman and child flocked to the place of trial—some to sympathize with the eager patriot, some to exult over his fall, and very many to see the man whose name had been held up as a word of equal terror to refractory children and full grown men.

"Mary," said her lover, as he saw her arrayed in rustic finery, "surely, ye're not going to the Court to-day."

"Indeed I am," she replied; "I'll go and give the poor prisoner a blessing with my eye, since I can do nothing else for him. Why should I stay away, when a man is to be tried for his life, because he loved us too well!—Surely we must go and say to him by our presence, that we are with him in our Irish hearts."

"It's no place for women, I tell ye," exclaimed Phelim, with sudden violence, and then coaxingly,—"Indeed you must not go.—Stay at home, and think of what I'm tellin' ye, that I've got fifty golden guineas, and that we can be married next week, or as soon as you'll only say the word."

"Fifty guineas in real gold! Who gave them to ye?—was it the master, or—"

"Hush! Here's the master's own voice, calling me now, so I must go. Stay at home, Mary, dear, or I'll not forgive ye."

"I don't understand ye, Phelim, and I *will* go to the Court," said Mary to herself. "Fifty guineas of bright and heavy gold—blessings on the giver!"

In opening the case the Prosecuting Attorney was observed to look anxiously around the Court as in search of some particular face. Each time he was disappointed, and at last was obliged to announce, that in the absence of its principal witness, the crown would first resort to other evidence. And meagre enough was that evidence to all in the crowded Court. Everything manifestly depended upon the principal witness, the *Informer*, and without his speedy appearance, the prisoner would, doubtless, be entitled to an acquittal. At last the Crown officer finished his other evidence, and again peered anxiously about the Court. This time his face lighted with satisfaction.

"Phelim Reeney."

"Phelim," cried a faint, smothered voice upon the opposite side of the room.

"Silence, there, in the Court!" shouted the Sheriff, angrily.

But there was no silence in Mary Donovan's heart.

"I see it now—those fifty golden guineas! Ah, they have made Phelim Reeney an *Informer*, but they shall never make me his wife."

The Informer felt the moist, yet flashing eye of Mary Donovan, burning into his brain, and he shivered with terror, but the voice of the Prosecuting Attorney soon restored self-possession, as he coolly testified as follows:

He had disguised himself, and joined the rebels in their great meeting on the night of the first rising. He had especially marked the prisoner at the bar, as the seeming leader, and the one under whose direction the whole body acted. He heard this prisoner utter words and do acts of treason on that night. This was the substance of his testimony, and so clear, full, and direct was it throughout, that every one saw that the prisoner's life was hanging on the words from this informer's lips. The Crown lawyers skillfully pumped him of everything, and found that he had done full justice to his training.

The first question on the cross examination was in regard to the time of this affair; Phelim appeared somewhat uneasy, and replied in a very low tone.

"Louder!" cried one of the Judges.

"It was on the night before the rising—Hallowmas Eve."

"No! it was *not* on Hallowmas Eve," exclaimed Mary Donovan, rising with an uncontrollable impulse. "Phelim! you are not even an *Informer*—you are perjured!"

There was dead silence for one instant, and then the prisoner's counsel spoke sharply—

"What's this! Let that girl come to the witness stand."

Pale, but not trembling, she took the place where Phelim had just stood.

"You say it was not on Hallowmas Eve—tell all you know."

She fixed her eyes on her lover, and kept them there steadily until she had finished. No one questioned or interrupted her in the course of her broken testimony.

"Never would I be standing in this place, your Honors, if the false oath and black word hadn't come from the lips of Phelim Reeney. Never would I open my mouth to condemn the man I love best, if he himself had not compelled me to do it.

"This man was once my lover, before he sold his country, and me too with it. And the very night that he first spoke his false words to me without check, was this same Hallowmas Eve, when he swears he was up in the mountains, disguised as one of the band of that prisoner at the bar. We talked till two in the night—do ye deny it? Look, then, at this, which I take from my bosom for the last time—this lock of your hair, wrapped in a paper—and ye've written on that paper, these words, with yer own hand,

"'*Phelim Reeney to Mary Donovan,—11 o'clock, Hallowmas Eve.*'

"Take the paper and the hair, sir,—'twill never come into my hand again.

"Isn't the shaking of that guilty man as good proof of my oath? Ah, Phelim, I see now where the fifty gold guineas came from, but did ye think at the time what ye gave in exchange for that bribe!

"This is all that I know, and oh! it is too much for me to say! for it strikes down the man I love. Phelim, why did you do all this? An hour ago and worlds wouldn't have tempted ye to exchange places with that man at the bar, but now there's nothing ye wouldn't give to be this prisoner yourself. Ye'll be despised and cut off among men, but never can even you feel more misery than I shall find all my weary life, for I loved you, Phelim, and you've broken my heart."

The old gentleman stopped here, but his eyes were eloquent as he mused.

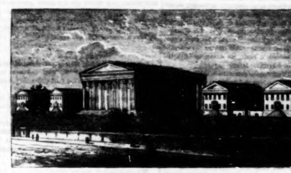
"Well?" said I, inquiringly.

"In the course of a long life," he continued, "I have often heard the out pouring of true genius, but never did I *see* such eloquence as there was in the eye of that servant girl, when she faced her lover and made him a criminal. Even the hard-eyed Judges were softened by the sight."

"What became of her?"

"Ah! this is a true incident, and you must not expect the ending of a novel. The prisoner was acquitted of crime; Reeney suffered the penalty of his crime, while Mary Donovan retired again to her service, forgotten and unknown. Had Ireland then attained her independence, you would long since have seen her name written in the annals of that desperate strife, and not have heard of her now, only through a chance story by an aged wanderer from his own unhappy land."

Our Picture Gallery.



GIRARD COLLEGE.

GIRARD COLLEGE.

(SEE PLATE.)

The site appropriated by Mr. Girard for the purposes of the college was formerly known as Peel Hall; it is situated on the Ridge Road about a mile north of the city limits, and occupies a tract of land more than half a mile in length by six hundred and seventy-five feet or one-eighth of a mile in width, surrounded by a spacious street sixty feet wide, called College Avenue. The main entrance is at the head of Corinthian Avenue, a street of eighty feet in width running north from Coates' Street west of Third Street from Schuylkill. The street represented on the plate is College Avenue, running westward from the Ridge Road.

The buildings consist of the main college edifice, which will be entirely devoted to educational purposes, and two spacious out buildings on each side, all of which are composed of marble.

The main building is a composition in the Greek Corinthian order of architecture; it stands parallel with the city streets, immediately in front of Corinthian Avenue, and covers an area of one acre of ground, being 181 feet wide and 239½ feet long. The body of the building, which is 111 feet wide by 169 feet long, has *eight* columns on each end and *eleven* on each side (counting the corner columns both ways) which makes *thirty-four* columns in all. The colonade stands on a marble platform seven and a half feet high, 159 feet wide, and 217½ feet long, approached on all sides by eleven marble steps.

Each of the bases of the columns measures nine and a quarter feet in diameter, and the shafts six feet at the bottom and five feet at the top; the capitals are nine feet high and ten feet wide on the face of the abacus or upper member: the whole height, including base, shaft and capital, is fifty-five feet. These columns are composed of large blocks of white marble, some of which weigh fifteen tons. Each shaft is beautifully wrought into twenty-four deep flutes, and the carving of the capitals is of the richest and most ornate character. Many suppose that these capitals were imported, but such is not the case; they were all wrought on the college-grounds out of American marble, and the whole building is, in fact, a specimen of American skill and American materials.

The entablature, or the entire mass which rests on the columns, is seventeen feet high; it consists of an enriched cornice projecting nearly five feet, and other mouldings finely proportioned and beautifully wrought. Each end of the building is embellished with a pediment rising twenty and a half feet above the horizontal cornice, thus making the entire elevation of the apex of the roof above the ground about one hundred feet.

The ceiling of the portico is constructed of immense cast-iron plates, richly embellished with panels and ornamented mouldings.

The roof is composed of marble, and is one of the most interesting portions of the work. We shall describe it in the words of the architect to the building committee, in his ninth annual report. "It consists of marble tiles *four and a half* feet long, *four* feet wide, and *two and three fourth* inches thick; every superior tile overlaps the one below it, and the junction of every two adjoining tiles is covered with a strip of marble *four and a half* feet in length, *ten* inches in width, and *six* inches in thickness.

"To support these tiles, brick walls of nine inches in thickness are built *three feet nine* inches apart, across the whole surface of the upper arches, from side to side of the building: the top of each wall is formed with a declivity from the ridge to the eaves, corresponding with the pitch of the pediments.

"The large tiles are laid on these walls, beginning at the eaves and extending to the ridge, each superior tile overlapping the one below it six inches. The sides of these tiles are elevated an inch and a half above the general surface to prevent the water from running into the joints at their junction; and the narrow tiles which cover these joints are hollowed out so as to embrace the projection of each contiguous tile.

"All the joints and overlappings are so formed as to prevent the admission of water either from the force of beating rains or from capillary attraction;—at the same time their design is such as to admit of their being laid without coming actually in contact with each other, thus rendering them free to expand and contract with the various changes of temperature without producing leaks: the whole is, therefore, rendered water-tight without depending at all on cement.

"The plan of supporting the tiles on walls affords access at all times to the under side of every tile; and in order to facilitate their inspection, openings are left in the walls opposite each skylight, by which a portion of light will be admitted into every compartment.

"The gutters are formed of flagstone and bricks laid in hydraulic cement, and securely covered with heavy milled lead. These gutters are so constructed as to prevent any water from running over the eaves: by this plan the cornices will not be liable to the mutilation and premature decay to which they would otherwise have been subjected, and which mars many of the noblest structures of ancient as well as modern times.

"The conductors for carrying the water from the roof consist of heavy cast-iron pipes of *ten* inches in diameter, securely put together and embedded in the walls of the building."

The interior of this building is divided into three stories of twenty-five feet in height, and each story into four rooms of fifty feet square, with a vestibule at each end of twenty-six feet by the width of the building. The *first* and *second* stories are vaulted with groin arches, and the *third* story with domes supported on pendentives springing from the corners of the rooms: this story is lighted by skylights of sixteen feet in diameter.

All the floors and stairways are composed of marble, so that there is no wood employed in the construction of the building except for doors and windows. The stairways ascend from the vestibules in each of the four corners of the building, and present an exceedingly light and graceful appearance; they are embellished with beautiful cast-iron balustrades, starting from polished marble newels.

The doors of entrance are on the north and south fronts opening into the vestibules; they are each sixteen feet wide by thirty-two feet high in the clear: the lower section of the paneling alone is made to open. Each vestibule is vaulted from an entablature supported on eight columns and eight antæ, or square pilasters attached to the walls, making forty-eight columns and forty-eight antæ in all the stories: the shafts of these columns are each composed of a single block of marble. The order in the *first* story is Ionic, in the *second* a modified Corinthian, and in the *third* a similar order rather lighter and more ornate. Each stairway is crowned with a richly paneled pendentive dome ceiling lighted with a skylight of ten feet in diameter.

The celebrated statue of Girard by Gevelot, is placed on a pedestal in the southern vestibule, in front of the principal door of entrance.

The four out buildings are each fifty-two feet wide, one hundred and twenty-five feet long, and *three* stories high, with a basement of seven feet above the ground. The easternmost building is divided into four separate private residences for the president and professors, and the remaining three are designed for the residence and accommodation of the pupils and their attendants.

The grounds adjacent to the buildings are being laid out in spacious walks and lawns, and the whole plot is enclosed with a stone wall of ten feet in height as directed by Mr. Girard.

Selected Articles.

HURRY AND HASTE.

"Never do anything in a hurry," is the advice given to attorneys and solicitors by Mr. Warren. "No one in a hurry can possibly *have his wits about him*, and remember that in the law there is ever an opponent watching to find you off your guard. You may occasionally be in haste, but you need never be in a hurry; take care—resolve—never to be so. Remember always that others' interests are occupying your attention, and suffer by your inadvertence—by that negligence which generally occasions hurry. A man of first-rate business talents—one who always looks so calm and tranquil, that it makes one's-self feel cool on a hot summer's day to look at him—once told me that he had never been in a hurry but once, and that was for an entire fortnight, at the commencement of his career. It nearly killed him; he spoiled every thing he touched; he was always breathless, and harassed, and miserable; but it did him good for life; he resolved never again to be in a hurry—and never was, no, not once, that he could remember, during twenty-five years' practice! Observe, I speak of being hurried and flustered—not of being in haste, for that is often inevitable; but then is always seen the superiority and inferiority of different men. You may indeed almost define hurry as the condition to which an inferior man is reduced by haste. I one day observed, in a Committee of the House of Commons, sitting on a railway bill, the chief secretary of the company, during several hours, while great interests were in jeopardy, preserve a truly admirable coolness, tranquility and temper, conferring on him immense advantages. His suggestions to counsel were masterly, and exquisitely well-timed; and by the close of the day he had triumphed. "How is it that one never sees you in a hurry?" said I, as we were pacing the long corridor, on our way from the committee-room. "Because it's so expensive," he replied, with a significant smile. I shall never forget that observation, and don't you.—*Warren on Attorneys and Solicitors.*

The Ophir of Solomon.—There is a large mountain called "Ophir," says a recent traveller, contiguous to the coast of Malacca, and it abounds in gold. In sailing close along the shore at night, the air was perfumed as if with spices and frankincense. The whole country teems with rich and rare products. Sofala, on the contrary, is a low swampy territory; no mountain is visible; gold is certainly obtained there, brought from the interior, but there are no spices, frankincense or myrrh. Its latitude prohibits the growth of those articles, while Malacca is especially adapted for them. The transition of the Jews from Malacca, up the coast, to China, was an easy matter; indeed, the Chinese themselves visited the Red Sea and Persian Gulf. About the year A. D. 1150, the Rabbi Benjamin, of Tudela, visited several Eastern countries, for the express purpose of ascertaining the residence of the lost Tribes. The Rabbi found some of his brethren in Samarcand, China, and Thibet; in the first city he found 50,000 Israelites.

Selected Essay.

WORK AND PAY.

FROM THE LONDON DAILY NEWS.

There is a secret in this subject of work practically known to multitudes, which it yet so happens is seldom embodied in written or spoken counsel. The hardest work is not the most slavish or disheartening, and he who effects most has often the greatest share of leisure. To illustrate this from the extremes of the industrial scale, let us take the leading counsel, or the accomplished railway engineer, both of whom are working with their brains almost to the utmost point which the human intellect is capable of reaching. Yet they both have their luxuries and their leisure hours. You meet them in society chatting, laughing—looking as if they had nothing to do; in the touring season you encounter them in the Highlands, on the Rhine, and yet all the world is wondering how they get through their hard work. Look now at the hand-loom weaver—pale, emaciated, half-fed, half-clad—as solemn and melancholy under the weight of unvarying physical affliction as if he had taken a monastic vow, and given away all the joys of this world for an ample reimbursement in futurity. That man knows no rest but the hours of sleep and the seventh day; every little period he takes from the weary monotony of his work is a bit of bread lost to him and his children; the demon Hunger has possession of him, and drives him on till he drops at the loom. Yet that man never knew what it was to work hard—and there is the secret of all his misery. He found a monotonous easy trade to his hand, and in an evil hour he yielded to its seductions. "If weavers are wanted," said a witness on the hand-loom enquiry, "they may be struck into existence in a month; some branches may be done by boys and girls, and what may be done by a boy can never reach above a boy's wages."

Now I do not mean to maintain that the eminent lawyer and engineer work as many times harder than the hand-loom weaver as they are better paid. It is the peculiarity of work of every kind that a small addition to the expertness makes a large addition to the remuneration, and that the higher the grade the more marked is this difference. This arises from the numbers gradually decreasing the further they have outstripped their brethren in excellence. At the point of skill which only three or four men have reached out of so many hundreds, there will be little competition, and high pay; when there are services which only one man can do, he can name his own price. Moreover, the general labor market, in its widest sense, including efforts both of mind and body, is affected by various accidents of education, training and position, which bring to some occupations a scale of remuneration much higher than the members of others can hope by any energy to obtain. Thus it does not follow that the scale of income corresponds with the hardness of the work; but we may take it as a general rule, that high pay is not given without some service being done for it; and that the man who can, by courageous energy in setting his mind, or his hands aided by his mind, to do some useful act requiring skill, will reap a reward for his service.

In fact, the great dragon to be conquered by the strugglers through this world, is indolence. It is because he has yielded to it that yonder gray-headed gentleman is a clerk in a government office, at a hundred and fifty pounds a year, instead of making a fortune like his schoolfellow, the engineer. He found the employment set before him—nothing to do but to copy pages or add up columns, no exertion of thought, no risks of failure, but a secured income—and he yielded to the temptation. In his case little harm is done; he has food and clothing, and is content. But go several steps farther down. A still easier operation than writing and casting accounts has tempted eight hundred thousand men to follow a trade which less than half the number would have supplied; and no legislation or parliamentary inquiry, no private benevolence, no relief committee, no poor law, can obviate the devastating result. * * * * Nor is the small remuneration the only evil of the humblest and most overstocked occupations. Their followers are the most acutely sensitive to oscillations in the money and labor market, and ever the most liable to be deprived of their little bit of bread. Let us just cast a thought over the manner in which the industrious, careful, and energetic members of society occupy themselves when hard times come. Some of them retrench their expenditure; they must, of course, have still as much as will in some way support their families, or they could not do so. Others increase their exertions. "It is but mounting a thousand additional stairs," said Dr. Arbuthnot, when his savings were swept away by the South Sea scheme. Here and there, active-minded people are excited to new enterprises and conquests over difficulties; they lay open new fields of exertion, or work old ones with renewed energy. The additional services so called out are marvellous, and the beneficent effect of the whole operation is, that by these exertions trade revives, and prosperity is restored. It is a mistake to suppose that these pressures and oscillations arise from too much industry.

There may be too much production relatively—too many railways, too much corn, too many ginghams or satin slippers; but if every person is working where his services are required, there cannot be too much industry; and it is the tendency of the exertions made by active men in times of trial, to find out the quarters in which their labors are most useful, and thus restore the equilibrium of the market. A man can seldom turn from a losing to a gaining occupation without doing a benefit, instead of an injury, to the community.

But what can that poor creature do who has been accustomed only to give his time, and some rotatory bodily motion, when the service so produced has ceased to be worth the morsel it used to bring him? He cannot reduce his expenditure and live. He cannot increase his exertions, for they are measured by time, not work, and the whole is already taken. He is nearest the edge, and when the blast comes across the great platform of industry, he is blown over the side into the slough of mendicancy, whence he rises no more.

[A principle of very great consequence to the humbler classes is here developed. It is not alone necessary to be at labor for many hours; that may be such a labor as not to deserve good remuneration. It is not all-sufficient that a small trader sticks for the whole day to his shop, for it may be a shop not required in the place, or conducted on too small a scale to be profitable. Ingenuity, skill, judgment to make a good choice of a calling, and to improve circumstances, are also requisite. A man should see that his work is really useful, and that his shop is not superfluous.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*]

The Depth of the Ocean.—The greatest depth ever reached by sounding was in the Atlantic, nine hundred miles west of St. Helena, where Sir James Ross found no bottom, with a fathom line of six miles and a quarter in length.

For the Ladies.

PRETTY WOMEN.

BY A PRETTY WOMAN.

I have often wondered why there can no perfumed bonbine now-adays, while every pretty age can boast its Helens; our ice cream may be rather more pretty than, it is said the ancients among the thousands already mentioned that produced the existence whose names shall endure imperishable by the immortal pen of the muse.

A friend of mine (a gentlemen, of course) suggests that the universal likeness of the ladies of this age accounts for a falling off in other respects; but here we differ; for, although it is a rare thing for a pretty lady to be clever, or for a clever woman to be pretty, too many of such rare instances do occur in all how any rule to be established containing such a solution of the difficulty.

Yet, we cannot open a page of any history that does not record the fame of some beauty; the Bible has its Rachel—so lovely that twenty years of service was deemed a light fee for her possession; there would but for Cleopatra, the beautiful mistress of the French kings (alas! that world through the hours of their imperial leisure; even down to the days of George the Fourth there has always been some lady whose charms have been more powerful than monarchs and prime ministers.

But I think the problem may be solved: it is the difference of dress—costume does it all; revive the reliage of by-gone ages, and you will revive all the beauty and fair faces of those days. For there must have been a good deal of ugliness, otherwise beauty would not have been so frequently remarked; for what is common is never looked at, and there could have been more pretty girls in the days of Troy, than would have had favour suitors, and there might have been standing yet.

Some must have been plain! or some flaps have been—dapples of their own—on Hemlock! But what are beauts compared to fame?—would man know a genius for her genius? How many love a fool for her fun?

But what I mean to say is this—in those ancient people dressed so unbecomingly, that unless their features were *perfect*, they were literally nothing; all the minor graces were lost sight of in meditum parum: now, they are totally unavailable under that system of costume.

For instance, Miss must have a figure—a bone robe, a broad girdle, bare arms, medals on her foot, and her hair bound back in those rich, magnificent braids, second to this day "Grecian Plaits."

But imagine, for a moment, all your acquaintance dressed in this way! Would not the majority be frightful! How few bone, how few complexions, could stand that searching! And if they think hair! how few feet would be found to satisfy! how few arms would bear the noon day sun and the sharp winds, which would soon reduce them to the pattern and form of a leather-covered fan.

Perhaps the Jewish costume of Rebecca and Rachael may have a shade better fate; but here was the same expanse of neck and arms, with the additional disadvantage of a robe that showed a leg encased in hideous boots and hose, and that refused to sweep with Grecian magnificence round the limbs of its graceful wearer.

Cleopatra—she is represented as both dark and sister—would was only the robes of white or purple, the hasty disdain, the cringe of a penal that were the allotted garb of Egyptian profession. How dark and how commanding must have been the majesty of her countrymen, may be judged from the sensation she made.

Then the Romans were famed for their stately carriage and somewhat large though noble features; and when in those charms was added those of equipage and dress, and beautiful coloring, no doubt their simple and majestic style of dress was greatly beautifying to them; but without these latter qualifications how gaunt and coarse they must have appeared.

What can be more lovely than the figure of Agrippina—another dear friend—in the robes of Gainsborough's—the robe falls in long sweeping folds; the bare arm, naked in the shoulder, supports the urn; the head is bound back, shows the perfect profile, the pure oval cheek, the sweet brow, and that state of ease in its large and lofty chamber—not a ringlet, not a ribbon, not the gleaming of a jewel violates the stain which Canvas in a serene variety.

Agitation could bear that style: Fanning and Mendina were too, and looked even better. Perhaps among the simile of our acquaintance there are two or three whose wire would appear to advantage so attired;—but oh! how well for the dumpy and the scraggy, the "no extreme" and the "no end!" all there may lay open better days.

As we descend the stream of time, the number of ostentant beauties decreases; this we may attribute to the increasing knowledge of the art of dress—intelligent commerce and policy of fashion, irregular features, began to have something like fair play shown them;—acquaintance became and with some assistance from our tame; and in the same degree as the plain women were made to appear less plain, were the beauties rendered less prominent, and the distance between the parties lessened.

Still we hear of some so enticingly lovely as to be known to all the world by the fame of their eyes alone; of these we may name Kitt of the swan-neck, so called from the brilliant whiteness of a skin capable of resisting the exposure to sun and wind, which tinted and freckled into frightfulness the cyeeus and lefty ladies of the olden days: Rosamond the Fair —so fair that it was said of her," Near but a jealous and exasperated woman could have harmed her!" Somerset Cleo, a beauty whose name alone, or sometimes even sometimes the light in those large untroubled eyes, soon silenced the clamor that the presence of an awful a fair; Lucrezia Borgia, an angel in face, a demon in heart! Mary of Mantua, Medina, the one man ever behaved without love," and some few others, until we reach that famous trio recorded in the letters of Horace Walpole, as the loveliest women of their time, the three Misses Gunning.

One of these—the Duchess of Hamilton—was so renowned for her charms, that her fame spread far and near, insomuch that when travelling once from the north to town, the mob in the villages on the road turned out nights, and piled round the house, nor would they depart until she had appeared on the balconies to display to them her beauty.

And there is something strangely and in the amount of the death of another of the sisters—Lady Coventry—the period of her appearance while in the highest pride of youth and beauty. She is recorded as patiently awaiting the approach of death—her looking-glass her constant companion—as serenely ever removing her eyes from the reflection of her own beauty, and as bewailing only the too early extinction of a beauty worthy of immortality.

At the time in which those fair sisters lived, the style of dress, although magnificent and splendid, was eminently trying to their beauty, and as eminently propitious to those more liberal; hoops and flowing robes must have been the extraordinary renown of those rank- ing as beauties—hence the apparent rarity of such renown.

The hair was then worn completely lifted off the face, having exposed every feature; unless those features were regular to perfection, unless the complexion was smooth as marble and as delicate, what could have been the fair to look upon? Not very well those must have looked who did possess such advantage.

At a later time, when the manner of some favorite beauties are again recorded, the costume, tended to conceal the form of neck and arm; one could wear it with impunity—hence the high reputation for beauty of Pauline Beaumont and of Madame Recamier. The former is described as appearing at a party given by her relations in the Rue Bac, in a dress of white reaching little below the knee, and commencing far below the shoulders, the waist exceedingly short, and the whole in narrow gauze folds, which clothed the small feet, while a mantle of lawpaul silk hung loosely round the perfect form of Canova's fairest model.

And there are many who can yet remember the appearance of Madame Recamier in the parks of London, clad in a robe so scanty and so simple—her dark hair wreathed around her head, and fastened with a bodkin in the manner, and a scarlet mantle wrapped around her.

Near-a-days, the toilet of a lady is exactly condensed upon the principles most beseeming to all; few figures look ill in the sweeping, simple and lengthened orange-simple and eminently without artifice; necks, however thick, are concealed by the long dresses, nor the mode. Features, however coarse, can be softened and shaded into something like appearance, by the judicious arrangement of locks permitted to be worn in bands, or ringlets, just as best suits the face they surround.

And while no arbitrary fashion forces the exposure of a frightful profile, a clumsy arm, a misformed ancle, no rule exists to prevent the exercise of those being shown. 'Every lady is at liberty to bring out her own good points or she thinks best, and it is easy to do so, as well as to conceal her weak ones, without departing from the fashions that prevail.

Under these circumstances, it must certainly be a consolation to our fair friends to find, that although it is difficult now to earn the reputation of pre-eminent beauty, it is equally difficult to appear remarkably plain; and it is surely better to possess only moderate charms, and to know that there are few of the scarcest and the richest ones redeeming attraction, than to have been a very goddess of loveliness, and to have felt that your every divinity was created by the sacrifice of whole hecatombs of less fortunate faces.

Cause of Peace.

CONGRESS OF NATIONS.

The undersigned members of the American Committee for a Congress of Nations being a joint Committee representing three Associations for the cause of peace—desire to present to the public the views of the value and practicability of the object for which they are associated, and its claims on the attention and aid of their fellow citizens.

The Peace Societies in Great Britain and the United States early perceived that most of the wars of modern civilized nations were occasioned by disputes, for the settlement of which there was needed, either a common arbiter, or principles of law, not supplied by the uncertain and unsettled principles called the Law of Nations; and in the belief that the establishment of this want on these principles, an sufficient authority, would be the means of preventing all wars, they proposed a Congress to be composed of Delegates from all to meet on the memory by mail, direct, as we thereby save a considerable per centage.

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed from, as well as to that to which it is to be sent.

Persons sending letters in to should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Editors or others owning the paper for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

DISGRACEFUL LETTER.

Gen. James Shields, who served with much gallantry in the late war with Mexico, was recently elected by the Legislature of Illinois U. S. Senator from that State to fill the place of Mr. Douglas, whose term of office will soon expire. Shields for re-election, before the caucus of Democratic members, but that body nominated another gentleman, and Shields was defeated on the party nomination. It has been charged in the papers at various times, that Shields was ineligible to the office of Senator, because of his foreign birth, and it appears that on account of his foreign birth, and it appears that he was ineligible to the office of Senator, and the following letter from the Secretary of State, will settle the matter beyond controversy. You published an article in the Lynn Reporter, a large paper from the Convention with an Address to the British nation—the Convention was composed of the Premier, and an intimation was given that his Government would readily meet advances from others of the British. It is proposed to hold a similar Convention at Paris in the morning month of August—and to which every respect will be paid by civilized nations.

The Society would appeal to American citizens of every class, party and denomination, to encourage and aid us, zealously and unitedly in this truly important object. We ask for it the prayers of the friends of peace, and the co-operation of all.

Washington, Feb. 22, 1849.

Hon. Stuart Reberd:

Sir—On my return to this country from Mexico I found myself constituted, both in law and fact, the representative of a large number of citizens of Illinois, suffering under the effect of wounds; you were one of them. Your wounds were severe, and I do not wonder that you should have been misled, and that you hastily honored me with a public dinner, which I declined. Your subsequent letter, which I have had to me but to say State, you were the only one who had misled me. I have, since the war, been a citizen of the United States, and have exercised the rights of a citizen. I was ineligible to the office of Senator, and the honor I had proved not my blood—but not the battle-fields of my country

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1849.

THE ELEPHANT ABROAD.

The famous elephant which once caused such a sensation in this city—defying alike his keepers and the city government, until Mayor Swift was about resorting to his last desperate expedient of making a speech, and telling him he considered him "one of his police"—has been causing an even greater sensation in New York. It appears that on Thursday evening of last week, he broke loose from his keepers, and commenced an investigation of the "mysteries of New York." After walking about the streets for a while, much to his own enjoyment and the public consternation, he entered a grocery store—leaving the door open behind him, in consequence of the owner having put him to the inconvenience of breaking it down before him—but not liking the quality of the liquors, after bespattering the proprietor with mud for his incivility, passed on. After demolishing some iron railing as if it had been pipe stems, to express his contempt for the unsubstantial character of the New Yorkers, he endeavored to enter the Hoboken Hotel. But although the door was soon demolished, the granite pillars each side did not afford sufficient space for an entrance, and his keeper coming up just at that time, he allowed himself to be conducted back to his quarters, convinced that no better could be found in that city. This animal will probably now become as great a "*lion*" in New York, as he was for a while in Philadelphia—and no one be considered fully "*booked-up*" who has not "seen the elephant."

EMIGRANTS.

We have received the following communication from D. R. Thomason, agent of the Emigrant's Friend Society:

MR. EDITOR,—The time having arrived for farmers and others to engage their help, you will confer a favor on your country subscribers by informing them that the services of emigrants, male and female, may be obtained by application (if by letter post paid) at the office of the Philadelphia Emigrant's Friend Society, No. 95 South Front st. It will be satisfactory to learn that by the Society similar institutions have been formed on the other side of the Atlantic, and that arrangements have been made by which deserving emigrants may have their testimonials examined and endorsed before they leave their native land, so that our citizens may be secure from the danger of receiving unworthy foreigners into their employ.

Your exchange papers will oblige the Society by publishing this communication.

Persons wishing to send for their friends from the old country, should apply for advice at the office.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 150—adults 74, and children 76.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 27th ult., Mr. Jefferson Davis, from the committee appointed to notify Gen. Taylor and Mr. Fillmore, of their election, as President and Vice President of the United States, reported that they had discharged their duties.

Mr. Davis also submitted a resolution for the appointment of a committee to make arrangements for the reception of the President and Vice President elect, in the Senate chamber on the 5th of March next. The resolution was adopted, when the chair appointed Reverdy Johnson, Jefferson Davis and John Davis, as the said committee.

The bill giving authority to the Commissioner of Patents to renew patents within three years after their expiration, was discussed and laid upon the table.

On the 28th ult. the bill passed by the House for the establishment of a territorial government in California, was read twice, and referred to the Committee on Territories.

The General Appropriation Bill was then taken up and all the amendments, to which no special objection was made, were concurred in collectively.

The amendment providing for a temporary government of California, came up for consideration. After speeches from Messrs. Dix and Niles against the amendment and in favor of the establishment of territorial governments, with the ordinance of 1787; and speeches from Messrs. Dickinson, Johnson, Mason and Phelps in favor, the amendment was carried; yeas 25, nays 18.

On the 1st inst. Mr. Badger offered a series of resolutions passed by the Legislature of North Carolina concerning slavery and the rights of the South in connection with that subject, which were read and ordered to be printed.

Mr. Green offered the resolutions adopted by the Legislature of Rhode Island on the subject of slavery and extension of that institution to the new territories. Read and ordered to be printed.

Mr. Green presented the resolutions of the same Legislature against whipping in the navy. Mr. Green spoke upon the subject and expressed himself as opposed to abolishing the whipping. The resolution was read and ordered to be printed.

Mr. Westcott presented the credentials of Jackson Morton, Senator elect from Florida.

The resolution for distributing copies of the American archives among the literary institutions of the United States, was considered, amended and passed.

Mr. Benton, from the Military Committee, reported a bill for the great Central Railroad from St. Louis to the Pacific.

The bill for the taking of the Seventh Census was then taken up.

Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts, offered a substitute referring the subject to the Secretary of State and other heads of departments, to frame a sectional bill on the subject.

Mr. Calhoun was opposed to the extensive schedule of statistics connected with the Census, and also opposed to the voluminous statistics of the Patent Office. He gave his reasons therefor, and then moved to lay the whole subject upon the table. Rejected.

[illegible]

The bill previously reported, providing for the coinage of gold dollars and double eagles, was taken up, considered, amended and passed.

The joint resolution authorising the compilation and translation of such laws as were in force in New Mexico and California at the time of their acquisition by the United States, was passed.

Mr. Douglass moved to take up the House Bill for the establishment of a territorial government in California. The motion was discussed by Messrs. Douglass, Butler, Rusk and Hamlin, after which the yeas and nays were ordered on the motion to take up, and stood, yeas 25, nays 28.

The bill establishing Brazos St. Iago, Texas, as a port of entry was passed.

On motion of Mr. Underwood, the Senate took up the bill creating the Home Department, which was discussed by Messrs. Jefferson Davis, Webster, Berrien and Downs in support, and by Messrs. Allen, Hunter, Niles, Mason, Dickinson and Calhoun in opposition.

In evening session, the bill was passed. Mr. Jefferson Davis claimed it as a Democratic measure; Mr. Allen denied that it was.

The credentials of Messrs. Soule, of Louisiana, and Cass, of Michigan, were presented. Mr. Cass took the oath, and occupied his seat for the rest of the session.

The appropriation to carry into effect the bill to establish a Territorial Government in Minesota was engrafted on the bill for the relief of John Norris, and passed.

At twenty-five minutes past 11 o'clock, the Senate went into Executive Session. The doors were re-opened at ten minutes before twelve o'clock, P. M.

Mr. Webster remarked upon the importance of passing the General Appropriation Bill, and contended that Congress had the right to sit until 12 o'clock at noon, Sunday.

The General Appropriation Bill was received from the House, with amendments.

Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts, moved the appointment of a Committee of Conference, with a view of purging the bill of every proposition for a California Government. Not entertained.

An exciting debate occurred in connection with this subject between Messrs. Cass, Turner, Borland and Allen.

Mr. Foote protested against proceeding, as the term had expired.

Mr. Cameron raised a point of order during the discussion, when Mr. Foote walked up to him.—Warm words were passed between them, when Mr. Foote shook his fist in the face of Mr. Cameron, and the latter struck him. The parties were separated by Mr. Fitzpatrick and other Senators.

About 4 o'clock, Mr. Bright moved that the Senate recede from its original amendment, and thus get rid of all its difficulties.

Mr. Douglass made an earnest appeal to the Senate in favor of granting to California a government, depicting, in strong colors, the evil consequences of permitting the question to lie over until the assembling of the next Congress.

The debate was further continued, and at ten minutes past five a vote was taken on the motion to recede from the Senate amendment, and decided in the affirmative—yeas 38, nays 7.

On motion of Mr. Dix, the Senate took up the bill to extend the revenue laws over California, which led to an animated debate in which Messrs. Yulee, Davis, of Massachusetts, and others participated. Finally passed.

At 7 o'clock on Sunday morning, the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 27th ult., Mr. Greeley's bill, giving a farm to each actual settler, was advocated briefly by Mr. Greeley, and then laid on the table.

The California Bill was then taken up in Committee of the Whole, and Mr. Sawyer offered an amendment striking out the Wilmot Proviso.—Not agreed to. The bill was then reported to the House.

The bill was then put upon its final passage, when it was carried in the affirmative—the vote standing yeas 126, nays 86.

The House went into Committee of the Whole, and took up the Territorial Bill for New Mexico.

Mr. Vinton offered an amendment, giving the settlement of the boundary to the Supreme Court, and after some debate, the Committee rose and the House adjourned.

On the 28th ult., Mr. Tallmadge, from the Committee on the District of Columbia, reported a bill incorporating the Odd Fellows' Lodge of the said District. Ordered to be engrossed.

A resolution was reported by Mr. Goggin, from the Post-Office Committee, declaring it inexpedient to take action this session in relation to the matter of stopping the Sunday mails. Adopted.

Mr. Hudson, from the Committee on Ways and Means, submitted a Tariff report, based upon the same principles as the Tariff of 1842, and proposing a medium rate of duties between the bills of 1842 and 1846, the duties being specific instead of ad valorem.

Mr. Nichols submitted a minority report upon the same subject. Both reports were laid on the table and ordered to be printed.

The bill providing for examining [illegible] the duties paid on goods destroyed [illegible] 1845, in New York, was then taken [illegible]

The House took up the bill abol[illegible]ing privilege. Laid on the table, [illegible] taken by yeas and nays.

On the 1st inst., Mr. Atkinson m[illegible]tical valedictory, justifying his [illegible] defending the President. He [illegible] that Mr. Smith, of Indiana, had ma[illegible] speech at Cincinnati, in which he [illegible] authority of Mr. Preston, of Virg[illegible] Taylor would not veto the Wilmot [illegible]

Mr. Smith denied ever giving [illegible] authority in the matter. He had [illegible] his own belief. He still believed [illegible] lor would not veto the Proviso.

On the 2nd, the House went into [illegible] the Whole, Mr. Stephens in the [illegible] up the Senate's amendments to the [illegible]plomatic Bill.

Mr. Vinton offered to amend the [illegible]fornia and New Mexico temporary [illegible]vernment amendments, by attaching [illegible] Proviso. The vote was taken by [illegible]cided in the negative—yeas 59, nay[illegible]

After a recess, Mr. Wentworth [illegible] Wilmot Proviso as an amendment.

The Chair ruled it out of order. [illegible]pealed from the decision, and the v[illegible]ing the Chair standing 84 to [illegible], the casting vote, and decided it affirm[illegible]

Mr. Schenck moved to strike [illegible]

[illegible]

...tic Bill, reported that the Committee had been unable to agree, and asked to be discharged.

Mr. Ashmun moved that the House insist on its amendment.

Mr. McClernand moved that the House recede, and, on motion of Mr. Wentworth, the question was put, will the House recede from its amendment? and the vote being taken by yeas and nays, the motion prevailed, by a vote of yeas 111, nays 106. So the House receded.

This brought the Walker amendment before the House again, when motions and counter-motions, propositions to adjourn, and everything else of a confused nature now succeeded.

Motions to amend the Walker amendment in a variety of ways were acted upon. Nice points of order were raised and discussed.

Mr. Morehead moved to amend Walker's amendment by leaving the Texas boundary undecided. This was adopted, by a vote of yeas 186, nays 20, amid much hubbub and uproar.

Mr. Giddings passed over to the Democratic side of the House, where Mr. Meade jammed his fist in Mr. Giddings' face and collared him. The combatants were, however, immediately separated.

Mr. Thompson, of Indiana, made a pacific appeal to all parties to settle this agitating question like brothers. He proposed an amendment, authorizing the President to extend the laws over the new territories for the time being.

The question on Mr. Thompson's amendment to the Walker amendment was then taken and decided—yeas 111, nays 105.

Mr. Pettit moved to reconsider this vote and vehemently denounced the amendment adopted to the Civil and Diplomatic Bill as irrelevant and *mal appropos*. He declared the clock had been stopped for the last twenty minutes, standing at fifteen minutes past eleven o'clock. At twelve, he said, Congress must adjourn, *sine die*, whether this bill is passed or not. He said perhaps Joshua, of old, had stopped the clock, or some more nefarious hand. He talked on vehemently, and would yield the floor to nobody for any purpose. Mr. Pettit was called to order by several members, but the Speaker decided he could proceed.

The decision of the Speaker, however, was overruled by the House, and Mr. Pettit concluded by calling for the question on Mr. Walker's amendment as now amended, when it was carried in the affirmative by a vote of—yeas 107, nays 104.

The House then receded from all other amendments, and the bill was sent to the Senate.

Mr. Tallmadge offered a resolution paying the officers and pages of the House an extra compensation of $250 each, which was adopted.

For an hour or two Messrs. Edwards and Hill, of Mississippi, discussed the subject of Patent Medicines.

While killing time by useless motions, a fight occurred between Johnson, of Arkansas, and Ficklin, of Illinois, at half past two o'clock, in which Mr. Johnson inflicted severe blows upon Mr. Ficklin, causing the blood to flow freely. They were separated and Mr. Ficklin was led out of the hall.

Mr. Gentry alluded to the means that had been used to defeat the General Appropriation Bill, and condemned the factionists, saying that their names would go down to everlasting infamy.

Mr. Turner said he had acted conscientiously in voting against the Senate's amendment, providing a government for the new territories. The lords of the lash were the real factionists, and therefore the charge of traitor had no sting for him.

Messrs. Henry and Levin also made speeches.

At twenty minutes of seven o'clock the House was informed that the President had signed the General Appropriation Bill.

The House being now ready to adjourn, Mr. Winthrop made a beautiful address, in which he thanked the members for the kindness and courtesy extended to him. If he had given offence he asked for pardon. He made a beautiful allusion to this as the most eventful period in our history—the powerful empires in the world tottering, while ours alone stands firm, and concluded by praying for God's blessing and the perpetuity of our institutions.

Clippings.

☞ Guizot has, through necessity, accepted the post of librarian in the Bedford family.

☞ When is a lady's neck not a lady's neck? When it is a little bear (bare.)

☞ "I am not fond of such vanities," as the pig remarked concerning the ring in his snout.

☞ The Roman General, Marius, replied to the Gaul who sent him a challenge,—"If you are tired of your life, you can go and hang yourself."

☞ The Helena (Ark.) Shield contradicts the story extensively published, under the caption of "Revolting Barbarity," which represented that a family were put off a steamboat at that place, suffering with cholera—were refused admittance into [illegible]

[illegible]

General News.

ROMAN CATHOLIC STATISTICS.—The Catholic Almanac, says the Scientific American, published in Baltimore, and which is generally recognised as good authority, represents no increase in the Roman Catholic Dioceses of Baltimore, New Orleans, Louisville, Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Mobile, Charleston, Detroit, Vincennes, Natchez, Pittsburg, Little Rock, Milwaukie, Albany, Galveston and Buffalo, while in the Diocese of Cleveland, there has been an actual loss of 5,000 from the last year's computation of 30,000. The only green spots in this wide-spread deserts, says the Freeman's Journal, are the Diocese of Cincinnati, where there has been an addition of 13,000 to the 50,000 of last year; Dubuque, where there is a gain of 300 on the former sum of 6,300; Nashville, where the last year's number of Catholics has doubled, being now 3,000, while it was only 1,500 a year ago; Chicago, where 3,000 have been added to the 20,000 of last year, and Oregon, with the parts adjacent, where 7,500 had grown up to 8,100, being a gain of 600—Indians and others. The Almanac represents the total decrease of Roman Catholics in the United States during the year as being one hundred and nine thousand four hundred; and the present number of the denomination in this country as 1,276,300. All of which statement, considering the great number of Catholic emigrants arriving every month, and the natural increase of the Catholic population, seems to us rather improbable.

FISH FROZEN TO DEATH.—We learn by letters from the Eastward, says the Journal of Commerce, that during the recent cold weather immense quantities of fish have been frozen, and floated on shore at various parts along the coast of New England. Accounts of large quantities of bass thrown out have been published, and we learn that smaller fish and eels by the barrel full have been thus affected by the ocean at Stonington and other places. The "anchor frost," as it is technically termed, is of rare occurrence—so rare, indeed, as to lead persons residing away from the sea to doubt the truth of the stories told of it. But this is by no means the strangest *fish story* of which the truth can readily be proved.

[illegible]

A PECULIAR RACE.—I have [illegible] peculiar race scattered through [illegible]ly, rich, dark brown hair, ha[illegible] the real auburn; the skin is soft[illegible] thinking forehead forms almo[illegible] straight mild nose; the mouth [illegible] exquisite; the teeth are white [illegible] then that expressive, soft, dar[illegible] much honest love, it really [illegible] countenance is expanded and op[illegible] of parts. * * The man is equ[illegible] Occasionally you will meet this [illegible] on Holy Island, performing a [illegible] round and round on the bare [illegible] rough pathway on the toilsome [illegible] wall.—*Dr. Massy (Medical T[illegible])*

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. [illegible] street, Philadelphia, is our general [illegible] for the Southern and South Western [illegible] by *James K. Whipple, William [illegible] Stem, John B. Weld, T. S. Wate[illegible] James Deering, Albert K. Welling[illegible] Henry Platt, and E. A. Evans.*

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harr[illegible] nati, Ohio, is our general travelling [illegible] ern States, assisted by *James R. S[illegible] Gardner Smith, Frederick J. Ho[illegible] strong, Jason Taylor, E. M. Steve[illegible]*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS of Mo[illegible] is our general travelling agent for [illegible]

R. MORRIS & Co., are our [illegible] Mississippi.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is ou[illegible] Bills in Penna.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will rece[illegible] subscriptions for this paper in the [illegible]

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. [illegible]

FRANCIS SHEPHERD, do. [illegible]

JACOB M. HASSENPLUG, [illegible]vania.

JUSTUS WHITE, do. do. in [illegible]

GEO. H. BAXTER, do. do. in [illegible]

J. L. SPROGLE, do. do. in Oh[illegible]

CHAS. W. SARTORI is our [illegible] New Jersey.

WM. WHITE, Jr., Raleigh, N[illegible] for this paper.

THE SATURDAY EVEN[illegible] May be obtained weekly at the P[illegible] *JAMES A. GILBERT & C[illegible] No. 40 Ann Street, New York; HOTCHKISS & CO., Boston, [illegible] Of MILTON BOULEMET, M[illegible] Of J. C. MORGAN, New Orlea[illegible] Of GEO. W. NOBLE, Louisvil[illegible] Of M. P. MORSE, Pittsburg, [illegible] Of W. TAYLOR & Co., Baltimor[illegible]*

[illegible]

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A MAMMOTH PAPER.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

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The Post Office of any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post, during the year between the 1st of November, 1848, and the 1st of November, 1849 (the papers to be mailed to such Post Office, or to subscribers through it,) shall be entitled to a continuance of the whole number of the subscriptions *gratuitously*, for one year after the expiration of the year for which their subscriptions shall have been paid.

The papers will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves or to the agents through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.

Salem, Ohio, took the premium last year, with only 129 subscribers.

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☞ Editors copying the above, or who will give a fair notice of the paper, and insert our list of terms, in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive our thanks.

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the Publishers by letter, *post paid*.

N. B.—No deviation from the regular terms will be practised. If less money is sent for a Club than we have agreed to take in our Prospectus, we *shall, in all cases, keep the money, and send only as many copies as it will pay for.*

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☞ MAKING UP ORDERS. ☜

[illegible]

ROOT AGAIN TRIUMPHANT!—SILVER MEDAL AWARDED BY THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE FOR THE BEST DAGUERREOTYPES.—Root's Gallery continues to add to its reputation, for the best and most beautiful likenesses that the bright sun has ever placed between gold and silver. The interest in these striking developements of this magical art continues to increase; and M. A. Root's rooms are daily thronged by the fashion, beauty and taste of the city. His specimens, at the Franklin Institute, elicited universal admiration, and must be seen to be appreciated.

Four Medals awarded in New York and Philadelphia.

"Unrivalled perfection."—*United States Gazette.*

"The perfection of the Art."—*Boston Star.*

"The best in every point of view."—*Pennsylvania[illegible]*

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

THE REFUSAL.

I think I now bliss once more,
When first in accents soft
I uttered the gentle word and true
For brighter hopes and gold;
No angel glad by heavenly mandate flew,
Or e'er his fastness sold,
To waft the message word I said,
That wight—the Lord of Ida.

He did not seek to urge his suit
With vain but fiery flame,
Yet on his glowered cold, though mute,
Was written better than I wrote in them. Ah!
I think I see his noble brow
Clouded by deep despair,
And gladly would I shelter now
The love that struggled there.
Tears have rolled slowly, sadly by,
Many have followed them,
And oft I've wondered with bitter sigh
The heart I once away.
Oh! what would I have given once then
That sparkled one to recall,
Given an infinite for them again
Affection's throbbing ball!
The throne of wealth which ruled my choice
Are dross to me or zero,
And for one note of Love's sweet voice
I'd give its wondrous power.
The jewels glittering on my brow
Bauble are by silent sighs,
Nor riches o'er the tears scorn
Which flow from those and eyes.

They tell me I cherish happy be
When luxuries surround,
And wonder that in earth and give
My spirit is never found.
They little know my hidden grief,
The letter to be told,
Who think the heart can find relief
In luxury or gold.

To try experience (dearly bought)
I've learned to prize too less
The hidden heart by love o'erwrought
And doomed to loneliest fate;
But let it be—'tis past—done, over,
The world can e'er regret;
And silent I must mourn it
When love never better returned!

Selected Sketch.

DEATH UPON THE OCEAN.

BY D. W. BARTLETT.

Upon a recent voyage from Liverpool to New York, I became intimately associated with a young man, a fellow passenger who was going on a visit to America. When I first saw him, I was struck with his appearance. He was a slender make, with a glorious forehead, and the eye of intense fire. His hair was dark, and bore in its color, and his countenance expressed a nobility and frankness that is rarely found. We were introduced, and from that time became quite intimate. I soon found that we were acquainted with friends in England. He had come from one of the best families in the upper stratum of what is called the middle class of English society. It is not strange that we became intimate, for I loved his native land, and he loved mine.

Upon the pleasant moonlight night, we sat upon the quarter deck, conversing about the future, and the time that was to elapse before leaving—of England's poets and statesmen; or, shifting the scenes, of our own New England, so far from expensive West, with its everchanging picture. Often the unwelcome sounds of the midnight bell broke upon us, ere we had finished our conversations, and we usually had passed the evening away. He was a great long in gaining the friendship of all the fellow-male passengers.

After we had been out a few days, I missed him one morning from his accustomed seat at the breakfast table. I did not see him on the deck during the morning, nor at the dinner table. When I visited his state-room, to my great surprise I found him lying on his berth quite ill, with the strongest attendance. He had experienced, in the night, a severe attack of violent dysentery, and was already very much prostrated. He was glad to see me, and seemed to be in good spirits. Years after into his eyes when I took his hand, and he wished a fellow passenger, who was a clergyman, to read a portion of the Scriptures to him. It was the first time I had ever seen how spirited, and it was the last. The clergyman came and read a psalm to him—even he was joyful hearted.

The next morning I was shocked to hear the surgeon say that he could not live forty-eight hours. I went to him—alas! the surgeon was right. The change that had come over him, in a single night, was marvelous. His fair brow was covered with a damp as chill as death, and his whole frame was drenched in moisture. But his pure blue eye had not suffered—they had the same effectuality, half and, half joyous expression that they had always worn. The flesh had disappeared from his cheeks, for his anguish had been great, during the night. I took his hand in mine, but dare not speak, for fear of betraying the emotions of my heart. He said, with a singularly calm and clear voice—

"I am going to die, my friend—but I am not afraid." A pressure was given from my spirits at once. He went on: "I have a few things that I wish to give my friends—a few trifles—and, if you will call the captain, I will tell you to whom I wish them to be given." I called him, and he continued calmly: "My gold watch I wish my sister Emma to have, and my silver one—(my brother Geogy, my little brother Georgy, and my wife let it be for her life—and let it to old enough to use it. Give to Maggy the ring on my left finger. To my mother"—his voice faltered when he came to her—"to my mother I leave his pallid cheek. "Ah, she was a good mother! Give back the Bible that she gave me, and tell her that she had not lost one of her sons. All else he bequeathed to his father, to dispose of as he pleased." He captain left the room, and he said, looking earnestly up into my face, "Write to my mother when I am dead, and tell her that everybody was kind to me, and that I had every attention," then under such thoughts as the wish of his is more his mother's heart from pain?"—"that I did not fear death. Tell Maggy that I love her in death; you should see her, she has such meek eyes, and her hair curls so beautifully about her fair forehead. Poor Maggy! And—and—there is one of whom I have not spoken—Mary——; I was engaged to her—give me the ring—to her, and tell her I hope to meet her in Heaven." Becoming exhausted, I left him for a short time. When I came back, he said, "I would have gone to see the ocean, in whose depths my grave will soon be made, but I cannot see it since I am blind. Alas, he was too weak to be raised upon deck—gave father! And then he wished a locket of one young man him. His eyes were suffused with a smile when he saw it. He put the hand to it, and he fondled it for a long, long, I could hardly tell whether sadly or joyously. "Soon shall my body be in the dark ocean. I have been aware, because they can ocean in that self-baptism of his—his fearlessness was so triumphant over death.

All the day the wind had been increasing in strength, and at night it blew a hurricane. Towards midnight it became impossible for the waves dancing over us annihilate, or strike my side, sounding like heavy thunder. Many of our passengers were frightened nearly all. They were up, and, when the captain came down into the cabin, they gathered about him with what eyes you can extract from fear. I was up all night with the dying one—some of the time holding him in his berth; a part of the time he lay in his arms. He was perfectly hand, and his fearlessness was a rebuke to those who were pale with fright, and to the storm. As the morning came on, the gale increased. At about 10 had reached its height—at daylight the poor young man said, "I thank you all for your kindness to me—farewell, forever!" and died.

The storm went suddenly down, and the next morning there was a perfect calm, and the current lifted flapping in the air. The sea alone calmly upon the beautiful sea—the air was balmy like that of the South; but we were all sad, for we were to see what few of us had ever seen before—an burial. I will not describe the ceremony, for older pens than mine have done so. I will say nothing of the little hand that softly closed on the last morning, and now the corpse stretched upon the death plank; of the funeral plunge of the body into the separating waters, and of the sad, sad day, little parties were clustered together, talking about the poor young man. All of us were sad.

When the evening came on, and the full moon shone above us, with a lustrous purity, I went out upon the quarter deck, and mused long upon the young man, his England home, and those who dwelt there. His mother, perhaps, was praying, at that moment, a safe voyage for him—a happy sojourn in the New World, and a happy, oh! how happy! return; but the sea was his mother now, poor woman! His dear Maggy, "with her hair curling beautifully about her face;" her, at that moment, perhaps, kneeling him on her account. Then, Maggy—no more will you wake in the morn upon of life). Then I thought of the time when every pool would be magnet's wonderful by this locks, for they reported a letter from him. And a letter that—of which no pulpit pen could, but in a strange kind. The father grieves pale as the locks it is, the mother, watching his countenance, anxiously asks why he is pale. He hands the letter to her, she draws up her face, and shudders. Then she turns up her face. The brother does, and the sister—the letter then I wrote in them. Silvered, in a moment, are all their beautiful hopes, and they weep in anguish—and Maggy! Alas! she is among the dears, sleeping, they have not told her!—the brother goes to her, and says, "Come to me, Maggy;" the girl runs to him, and he bursts into tears—he cannot tell her what he wishes. He grows stronger, and tells her that her brother is dead, said is buried in the blue ocean, and will never come back. She asks, sadly, "Will he never, never come back?" "Never, Maggy,"—and the beautiful child cries as if its heart would break. But the dull waves will not heed its cries, nor its mother's, but leaps him as trophy in its embrace.—*Nonpareil.*

THE COW-TREE.

Mr. Last was the first person who made known in Europe one of the most curious vegetable productions of the equinoctial regions—a tree which yields a kind of milk entirely analogous in that of a cow, and which, for that reason, has been called cow-tree. This singular juice, on account of its similitude to the milk of that animal—in the place of which Baron Humboldt has seen it used for every domestic purpose—on the farms of Barbula—has been admired by every traveller.

This vegetable milk possesses all the physical properties of the milk of animals, only it is a little thicker, and mixes easily with water; it is somewhat more yellow, and thickens on the surface like cream. When boiled, it does not coagulate, but a thick yellow pellicle is formed on the surface. Acids do not form with this milk any coagulum, as with that of the cow.

If the juice of this valuable tree is an pleasant and nutritive to the natives, how much more grateful must it be to the traveller who has been obliged to cheese high sumptuous pay, and, when exhausted by fatigue, hunger and thirst! On the road from Patite to Puerto-Cabello, all the trees of this species which are met with, exhibit numerous incisions, made by travellers, who anxiously search for them during a year of great scarcity. But it is in the vicinity of Barbula that the cow-tree grows in the greatest plenty. Soil it is not to be found in the open fields, but in the woods, where the ground is covered with a thick shrub by near him, and gathered the fruit of this species, which are much admired by every traveller.

The milk, when exposed to the action of the air, is altered, and acquires an unpleasant smell similar to that of sour milk; and a pellicle is formed on the surface, which, pressed with caustic potash, attacks ammonia. If these drops of an acid are added to this milk, it may be exposed to the air for a long time without any alteration; if kept in a bottle with a crystal stopper, it does not corrupt, but becomes only thicker; and if a bottle of water is added to this milk, it regains all its properties. In this manner it may be preserved for a considerable time. When this liquid is put on the fire, it presents exactly the same appearance as cow's milk, a pellicle forming on its surface, which prevents the expansion of the vapours.

By repeatedly boiling this vegetable milk with the caustic alkali, the same substance is produced, possessing the same properties as common fibrin; and although it may appear singular to meet, in a vegetable, with a substance which has usually been considered as peculiar to animal matter, it nevertheless does not differ from it in any respect, and is perfectly identical with the fibrin extracted from animal matters, it seems to have the same relation to it as vegetable albumen has to animal albumen.

Recently a substance has been extracted from the fresh juice of the *Carica Papaya*, which has been found to be similar to that from the milk of the cow-tree.

HEAT.—Low as 32 deg. and water at 32 deg. —the freezing point—feel equally cold; although it is known that the latter contains more heat than the former; *it is latent heat* Hidden Fever.

A terrible sheet rang through the crowd, as he thundered into the water, and, amidst the shrieks of the females, and the consternation of the men, the boat was soon on the head of surrounding objects. The atmosphere at that moment is a thaw, may therefore remain at 32 deg.—If, as was soon supposed, a slight addition of temperature would be sufficient to melt ice, a melting would be sudden and the effects disastrous, in the breaking up of ice in our rivers.

Science and Art.

GENERAL IMPROVEMENT IN STEAMSHIPS.

"It is used to be the custom," says the Scientific American, "to construct boiler flues of wrought iron, so that the smoke would go straight round and round, and allowing it to escape with difficulty. The plan now adopted is to get as much flue as possible in a given space of time. This has been done by combining in the marine boiler the properties of a locomotive boiler, having tubes for the heat to escape through, and the ordinary flue boiler to evaporate a greater quantity of water in a given time on the face of the usual thickness; and thus having the advantage of doing more with less surface and less weight of metal. The change in the form of the steam pipes is much varied from what it was 15 years ago. Then the steam was carried from the boiler to the engines of the old fashioned to lever kind. The great change is in the materials and in the form of the pipes. Copper is the greatest part of the engines was made of cast iron. The new style of the Cunard line have their steam pipes of cast iron, and wrought iron. Ten years ago no sea steamer would have been accurately, now it is generally worked in that manner, with a saving of one-fourth of fuel. Formerly the paddle wheels of steamers were very slow, about 17 or 18 revolutions per minute, now they are driven at an average rate of 27, 28 and 29 miles an hour in the open sea. There has been quite a change made in the forms of their paddle wheels, a brief description of which will not be uninteresting. The old vessels were built with the water line nearly straight, and so with the bow of the hull, but now all of them have bulbous form, and the vessels are propelled at a greater velocity with the same power, because they cut easier through the waves.

The object of this plan was to build vessels six times the length of their breadth: now it is found that the greater the length the greater the speed, but the greater strength necessary is just what is enable the engines to be put in and to accommodate greater cargo. The proportion of the water line is now placed three-fifths from the bow, instead of being in the middle, to the old form. The bow of the hull is now very sharp, and, instead of the old tapering fine run of the counter, it is made more full above, though still tapering below, and these are more accurate balances for comfort and a greater speed as the vessel rises. The British steamers are built upon the wave-line principle. Eighteen miles per hour is the greatest average speed in still, some vessels have made 20 miles in a short period. There can be no doubt but we may expect in two years more to see our ocean steamers making at least an average speed of 19 miles per hour, and that will be making the voyage to Liverpool in 9 days and 9 hours."

NEW MODE OF MANUFACTURING SUBSTANCES FOR CORDAGE.—The process has been recently patented in England for the manufacture of candles. The process is to combine resin with tallow or any other fatty or oleaginous substance in the proportion of one part resin to three parts fat; to these is added by degrees any description of strong acid as commercial sulphuric acid. It is then to be submitted to sufficient heat to evaporate the sulphuric acid gas, which will be accomplished in about from twelve to eighteen hours; it is afterwards submitted to the process of distillation until well known for substances of this description, and when cold, it is to be subjected to pressure, to separate the fluid from the solid parts, which are then formed into candles, or other suitable articles for illumination, which are said to endure well and give a very brilliant light.—*Farmer and Mechanic.*

Wit and Humor.

TAKING THE STARCH OUT OF 'EM!

A Cold Water Sketch.

BY THE YOUNG UN.

A knot of idlers stood upon the end of a pier which ran out into the Hudson River, in one of the small towns on the Shore, a few years ago, amusing themselves with hurling stones into the broad stream, each vieing with his neighbor in the endeavor to pitch the smallest of the farthest distance from the shore, when a tall, ruggedly-built Vermonter, direct from the Green Hills, suddenly made his appearance in their midst, and for a while remained a quiet observer of their movements.

He was a frowzy, strong-limbing Yankee, and was very dressed in the usual style of the little party had been exhibited over and over again, when the stranger quietly picked up half a brick which lay near him, and poising it a jerk, it fell in the water a long way beyond the distance which had as yet been reached by the foremost of the crowd. At the conclusion of this feat, a loud "three'rs" went to the skies, and a dozen seemed like.

It was a cold, clear day in October, and the atmosphere seemed to be endless, encouraged their attempts; but the Vermonter, without saying a syllable to any one, continued to pitch the pebbles into the stream, which seemed in astray one of them in a green jacket, the apparent before of the gang, who declared he wouldn't be beaten by a "fellar right down to" the woods, as here," and sailing up to him half a dozen, he determined to make his acquaintance.

"Where do you come from, neighbor?" inquired the other.

"Ah! Wal, I hails from Varmount, jest down," said.

"Haint been in these parts long, I reckin."

"Wal—no. Not edzactly, yer—but up and down, sorter."

"Yis—ah! I 'spound."

"Yaas," continued the green'un, cautiously, and the other, with a sigh of weak, he twirled over his head, and it landed several rods from the shore, in the water.

"You're a little strength in your arms, neighbor."

"Nuss! pumk'kin!—is them flippers, scan, gee. Up in sarer tawun, mon'n a month ago, I could throw a stone further nor most three b'ard, mon's a nickel'nuff thick!"

"How—haw!" shouted his hearers, the man in the green jacket laughing loudest.

"May be you don't b'lieve it."

"Not much," answered the crowd.

"I said every grown man here in York—or ain't," said the fellow in the green jacket. "Is this down there? it may be preserved in a considerable time. When this liquid is put on fire, it presents exactly the same appearance as cow's milk, a pellicle forming on its surface, which prevents the expansion of the vapours.

"Wal, I'll bet you a dollar you can't do it," said the Vermonter, in the most placable manner.

"Wal, I reckin I will," said the other, "I'll be—haw!" shouted his hearers, the man in the green jacket laughing loudest.

"Done!" said the Yankee, and drawing forth an X upon a broken Down-East bank! he covered the shinplaster.

"Is he in, Jo?" pulled his audience.

"Like a duck," said green-jacket—and without further parley, the Vermonter seized the kneeling Yorker round by the legs, and the back and the seat of his pants, jerked him from his feet, and, with an almost superhuman effort, dashed him heels over head, from the end of the dock—some ten yards out into the Hudson River.

A terrible shout rang through the crowd, as he thundered into the water, and, amidst the shrieks of the females, and the consternation of the men, the boat was soon on the head of surrounding objects. The atmosphere at that moment is a thaw, may therefore remain at 32 deg.—If, as was soon supposed, a slight addition of temperature would be sufficient to melt ice, a melting would be sudden and the effects disastrous, in the breaking up of ice in our rivers.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S VALENTINE.—Our Mrs. Partington received an elegantly embossed valentine, bruneld of kind sentiments, which produced quite a flutter in her usually tranquil demeanor; the looking-glass was consulted more frequently than second consistent with her simple character, and she read the enveloping paper attentively to ascertain the remarkable properties of Naples yellow. As she expressed herself, the fourteenth of February will be a good day in her ornithology. "What on it be love?" said she, "I'm sure I feel as she read the affectionate and respectful lines. I wish I knew, I'm sure, it must be a synonymous name that he signs. Those volatile days, and saint days, and lady days, they do make something like a fuss, as suffered her other's. She went to bed an hour earlier that night.—*Boston Post.*

New Publications.

THE LOVE OF READING.

FROM "MOTHERHOOD EDUCATION," BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Children who read from the love of reading, are usually improved by having a good book. A wise parent will indulge the love of reading, and will take pains to provide for the child to do what it likes best, but beware what is read with enjoyment has intense effects upon the intellect. The practice of reading for amusement must not begin too soon; and it must be one of the very last to be indulged till the child is so practised in the art of reading as to have its whole mind at liberty for the subject, instead of having to direct the tions or the words. Till he is sufficiently practised for this, he should be read to; and it will then soon appear whether he is not yet to be moderate when he gets a book into his hands. Nothing, I repeat, is more important than a habit of leisure in his natural tastes,—in his instincts,—when that important period arrives in the universe of his own. Let him prepare for amusement, but not begin too soon; and it must be one of the very last to be indulged till the child is so practised in the art of reading as to have its whole mind at liberty for the subject, instead of having to direct the l